The Bourbon News.

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THE JOYS OF WEALTH.

I crave the joys that wealth may bring,
I, too, would fain
Cease toiling and go journeying,
Care-free, across the main.
I long to go, some day, and gaze
Upon the scenes that Virgil knew,
And walk along the sacred ways
That Shakespeare sauntered through.

I crave the freedom wealth bestows,
I long for rest—
I long for all the pleasures those
Whom Fortune favors best
May riot in from day to day;
I long to put my work away,
And flee, care-free,
From trouble as the wealthy may,
To splendid luxury.

But joys that riches bring shall ne'er
Be mine, if I must know
That for my pleasure there
Are others ground below!
Ah, do they never think who loll
At leisure as they please
Of those poor ones that work for all
The idler's luxuries?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record Herald.

Stairs of Sand

By ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

James Ellison laughed, but there was little heartiness in it.

"You still cling to that absurd idea. I thought the other day you were merely joking."

"I never joke on such a serious subject. Apart from the fortune, I find the young woman charming, and I am not too old to appreciate the charms, mental and physical, of so attractive a personage. I know you will find it hard to surrender the fortune, or the biggest part of it, to me, but you will have it in the family, and that should be a satisfaction," with a grin.

"Oh, a great satisfaction," replied James, grimly, as he looked at his brother keenly, to make sure that he was really in earnest. "And Grace, does she consider your attentions in any light but that of ridicule?"

"Oh, I have not been precipitate. I mean to win her by kindness.

"Since that—er—er—unfortunate tragedy she is in a sympathetic mood, and I can do much to comfort and console her." Frank Ellison reeled off this speech with apparent satisfaction, as if he was quite sure of his ground.

"And the school-teacher, what of him?"

"I don't think I need fear him any—he is as good as done for."

"You evidently are not aware of what has taken place," said James Ellison, with a pleasure that he could not disguise.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the police have made an arrest. It is in this morning's paper." Frank Ellison allowed the cigarette to fall from his fingers, and the air of smiling complacency disappeared from his face.

"The police have found an earring, one of those my poor wife was robbed of on the night of the murder, in a pawnbroker's shop in this city. They have found the man who pawned it, and, though he denies that he had anything to do with the crime, they have still hopes of getting him to confess. Why, you seem very much disturbed over the news," as Frank flung himself out of the chair where he was seated, and walked back and forth with a nervous air, as if unable to keep still in one place.

"And what might this fellow call himself," he asked, as he paused by his brother's chair.

"He rejoices in the name of 'Reddy,' as the police know him. What his real name is no one knows."

Frank Ellison looked relieved, and went back quietly to his seat.

"Well, perhaps they will find that the poor fellow's story is true. That need not interfere with my plans."

"But she will never forget Barnett. You don't know what a will that little woman possesses," said James. "To tell the truth, I would rather see her his wife than yours."

It was well that he did not notice the expression of anger that came over his brother's face as he said this, for it was not pleasant, but Frank could control his features, and the cloud was but a passing one.

"I thank you for your good opinion. Perhaps if I had been favored by fortune in capturing an heiress I might have lived as virtuous a life as you," with a sneering intonation in his voice.

"Now, that you are frank enough in saying that you prefer the school-teacher to me, I will give you a piece of interesting news."

James regarded the other with a certain uneasiness, wondering if it were well that he should anger him.

"I have made arrangements that cannot fail to get hold of that agreement."

"Ah!"

"When it is in my possession I shall be in a position to dictate terms. You will be interested in helping me in this marriage, because otherwise I should be tempted to make the paper public, and then every penny you have in the world will go to your wife's relatives."

James Ellison was silent, wishing that he had not provoked his brother. But, after all, this might be mere bravado.

"When can you prove beyond doubt that the paper is in your possession," he said, cautiously, "we may be able to come to an arrangement."

"Well, I expect in a few days to show you that I am not building a house of cards." And then, going over to his brother, he laid his hand on his arm. "In the meantime, Jimmy, I am sure that you will not resort to any double dealing that would prejudice my case."

For a second their eyes met, but it was James Ellison who first looked away.

"I will do nothing for a week," he said. "Then I will act as I wish."

"A week be it," replied Frank. "And where is Grace now?"

"I think you will find her in the garden. Now, don't make yourself absurd. You know the poor child has had trouble enough of late."

"Don't fear that I shall do anything to make her unhappy. I can be very agreeable when I wish." And he went out and left his brother alone.

"If he really could get hold of the paper he might have the upper hand of me," said James Ellison to himself. "Unless," and he cast an anxious look in the direction of the safe, "unless the fortune could be placed out of his reach. Without that he would never care to marry. It is the money that he wants, and nothing more. Bah!" with an angry gesture. "Rather than throw her into the arms of such a rascal, I—I——But pshaw! What am I talking about? She loves the other, and this cunning rogue could never win her in a century." And, comforted by this thought, he went to work again at his accounts.

Frank Ellison was smiling to himself as he made his way down the stairs, as if something amused him greatly.

"Birds in their little nests agree," he quoted, "but not birds of prey! How James would like to show me the door, if he was not afraid of what I might do. It is pleasant to think that I shall soon have a weapon in hand that will keep him, if rightly used, in subjection. It is mighty unfortunate that man should have been captured. It complicates matters and makes my work doubly hard."

He entered the garden, which, though small, contained some fine old trees, and under the shadow of these a young girl was seated. She had a book in her lap, but did not appear to be reading. A sombre and pathetic figure in her dull, black dress.

"Now, then, look pleasant," he said to himself as, at the sound of his steps on the gravel, she arose and came toward him.

"I can see that you have heard the good news," she said. "You show it in your face."

"I must have a very speaking face, then, my dear," as he took her hand and pressed it warmly. "What is the good news that you refer to?"

"Why, surely papa must have told you?" Then, as he did not seem to understand, "why they have found the real criminal, and now it will be impossible for them to hold poor Dick any longer."

"The deuce! She can think of nothing but that fellow," murmured Ellison, under his breath, but he took care that she should not see that the subject was unpleasant to him.

"Your father certainly did mention that a suspect had been captured by the police, but it seems the fellow strenuously denies his guilt, and, for all we know, may be able to prove an alibi. So your friend, the school-teacher, is far from being a free man as yet."

"Oh, dear, and I thought that the worst was over," her eyes growing dim.

"Well, we can only hope for the best," he said, soothingly, for he saw that to keep in her good graces it would not do to show any antagonism toward Barnett. "I am afraid, though, that in their eagerness the police have seized upon a poor man who has only his previous bad record against him. If young Barnett is innocent, he will get free. The law seldom makes a mistake. In the meantime I would not brood so much on the subject. You ought to get away from yourself and your thoughts more. Come, what do you say to a drive this afternoon. I'm sure it would do you good!"

"Oh, as if I could enjoy anything when I know that poor Dick is deprived of every comfort, it would only serve to remind me of his miserable position."

Frank bit his lip, for a good round oath was on his tongue.

"But, my dear," gently, "you owe it to your father—to me—not to give way in this manner. You are getting more pale and ghostly day by day, and will end by collapsing completely. You must make an effort—fight against living such a moody life, take some interest in things, or you will go mad through melancholy."

"I can't take interest in anything but Dick's fate," she replied tearfully. "If you want to see me any different, why you must set him free; that is the only thing that will make me wish to change my ways of living."

"What can I do to kill this infatuation?" Frank was thinking. "The child has become a perfect monomaniac on the subject." Just as this was passing through his mind she suddenly seized his arm and pointed toward the hedge that ran around the garden.

"Look there. Do you see it?"

"What?" staring at the place pointed out

"A face! The face of that strange little man who seemed to have taken such an interest in Dick's case. It seems that I saw the face peering in at us through the hedge."

Ellison waited to hear no more, but ran over to the gate set in the hedge, and dashed out of the grounds, staring up and down the road. There was no one in sight but a butcher boy pushing a handcart, and a man with a load of bricks passing. To satisfy himself, he went around the garden, examining every corner, and did not find his man. "It must have been your fancy, my dear," he said, when he returned to her side. "You see, you brood so much on this matter that you are getting to have hallucinations."

"No, no," shaking her head decidedly; "I saw the man there as plain as I see you."

"So we are hunting each other," Frank said to himself as they returned to the house. "Well, he will soon be where he can worry us no more," for he believed that it really was Job whose face she had seen watching them through the hedge, and he marveled at the man's audacity. He looked forward to be rid of such a persistent enemy, and the hour seemed near at hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLUE STONE RING.

Hendricks still occupied the little house at the end of the long garden, though he did not take as much comfort or feel so secure since the appearance of the coupe at the end of the street, and the mysterious meeting of Jebbs and the stranger.

After debating the subject over night, he could not make up his mind to move. If the worst happened, why he must try and find the way out of the difficulty as best he might.

He knew that the Ellisons had returned to town, and on several occasions he had attempted to get word to Grace, but the opportunity did not offer. He was delighted when he learned through the papers that a man had been arrested as a suspect in connection with the crime, and he felt sure that the young man would be acquitted. For the present he could let matters in that direction take their course. The work that he had cut out to do was quite as important, to revenge himself on the man who had been the direct cause of his years of misery. He had nursed the hope of bringing that man to justice for many seasons, and now it seemed the victory was at hand.

As the days went by, and there were no signs of Jebbs, he became more and more uneasy. He began to think that this strange man was treacherous, and had, perhaps, gone over to the enemy. Certainly he did not appear to be a person who was above selling out.

His surprise was therefore great, when, returning one night, he saw a faint light shining through the shutters of the room on the upper floor where he generally slept.

Prepared for anything, he entered the house quietly and climbed the stairs to his room, threw open the door—and found—none other than Jebbs coolly seated at the table, discussing bread and cheese, stopping now and then to lift a can to his lips. He did not seem to be at all alarmed when the owner of the place entered, nor did he act like a man who fears that his knavery has been found out.

"How did you get in?" asked Hendricks, for he had since that eventful night taken great precautions about barring the doors and windows of the little house. It hurt him to think that this fellow was able to enter a place he had thought so secure.

"Well, I wanted to get in, and when I feel that way, nuthin' can stop me," said Jebbs, with his mouth full. "I'd like to see the bolts and bars that could keep yours truly out when he wanted to git on the other side of a door."

"Well, you needen't try it again," grumbled the other. "You may have an unpleasant surprise the next time, so I warn you."

"Why so crusty, old man. 'Spec' I was goin' to set down in the garden, git pneumony waitin' for ye, when all I had to do was to let myself in. Not on your life." And he returned with fresh energy to his very frugal meal.

Hendricks, who had thrown himself wearily down in a chair, was regarding his visitor with such a malevolent look that even the careless Jebbs grew uneasy, and stopped the mechanical movements of his jaws for a few minutes to say:

"Whatcher eying me so fierce like—and when I had good news to tell ye," adopting an injured tone.

"When you left me the other night you met a man who came in a coupe, you talked to him for a time on the corner, and then both went off in the carriage together."

Jebbs seemed at first startled by this sudden charge flung at him, but it was only a moment before he recovered his equanimity.

"So it was that worried you, eh?"

"Yes, it looked like too much double-dealing."

"Well, s'help me, I never see that party 'fore in my life, an' I was s'prised as you'd be when he tackled me on the corner. He knew me, though!" with a grimace.

"How did he know you?"

"Well, sir, he had it all down fine how I was mixed up in a little affair some time ago—somethin' that would surely have landed me if they could ha' got the proofs. He could ha' got enough—he showed me that in a jiffy. When I found that out I was mighty meek."

"And you never saw him before?"

"Never I can call to mind."

Job remained in silence for some minutes, his eyes on the floor, only raising them now and then to cast a keen, inquisitive look at his visitor.

"Well, what is this great news that you have brought me?" he asked, after a time.

"Nuthin' more nor less than that I have found our man."

"Are you quite sure of that?" a little skeptically.

"No mistake about it," pursued Jebbs, cheerfully. "Ye see, it come about in this way. Ever since we had that last talk I been hangin' onto the heels of a feller who has gener'lly been one of his right-hand men. He's a big Dutchman, goes by the name of Browny on the Bowery, cause his hair is bright brown. Him and me has been great friends and emptied many a can together. I never could get him to talk of his work, or the man who employed him, but last night, when we was both feelin' kind o' proud, and him lookin's if he'd be more comfortable on the floor and a-aimin' in that direction. Into this joint, where we was makin' merry, come a little feller that passed the place where we sot, and gin the Brown man a jog, and passed on and out the other door, and so away.

"I see my friend, sleepy like, put his hand down in his pocket, and fetch up a three-cornered bit o' paper, and opens it and reads. There was on'y a few marks and a number that I couldn't make out. When I was seein' him home, though, I snagged it, and here it is," and from an inner pocket he produced a two-inch square piece of paper, which bore the figure of a fox, or what was meant to pass for such, and the simple numbers 1—3.

"Pooh!" and Job threw it aside. "I don't see anything in that."

Jebbs replaced the paper in his pocket, as if greatly disappointed.

"You been so long away that it's natural ye don't see nuthin' in it. Now, I'll tell ye what I get out of it."

"Well, I am listening."

"Ye see this figure what's meant to represent a fox. That is the sign of a French hotel, what they calls in that lingo Le Renard Rouge, or, in plain English, the Red Fox. Them numbers means the location of the meeting."

"But why should you suspect that it was this man who arranged the meeting?" asked Job.

[To Be Continued.]

SEA LIFE AND THE SAGES.

Proverbs More or Less Pointed Relating to Sailors and Their Unstable Occupation.

"No man will be a sailor," said Dr. Johnson, "who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail." Dr. Johnson was, however, a landsman, while many of the following expressions are the opinions of seafaring people. "He who trusts himself on the sea is either a fool or he is poor or he wants to die." This Gallacism is no stronger than the following saying, by the maritime Dutchman: "Better on earth with an old cart than at sea with a new ship." "Better walk poor than to sail rich," says the Spaniard, and in the same spirit his Italian neighbor responds "Praise the sea, but stay on shore." Another maritime nation, the Danish, gives us this strong opinion: "One penny on land is better than ten at sea." German woodsmen say: "The sea has no branches (to cling to), therefore it is better to stay on shore," and the French rustics agree with them: "Admire the sea as much as you will, but don't stir from the cowsheds."

The Arab fears the sea as much to-day as he did in the fifteenth century, when he thought the hand of Satan would arise from the "sea of darkness" to seize his frail bark. "It is better," he says, "to hear the belching of the camel, than the prayers of the fish," and he further outlines the dangerous nature of the elements when he says: "The sea has a tender stomach, but a head hard as wood." A facetious work a century old has it thus: "The ship is a fool, for it moves continually; the sailor is a fool for he changes his mind with every breeze; the water is a fool, for it is never still; the wind is a fool, for it blows without ceasing. Let us make an end at once of navigation."

An Efficient Officer.

A man who was "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits and stated: "Sir, I have duly received the portraits of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."—Chicago Chronicle.

Baby Had Been Used.

A boy baby arrived at a certain house and a visitor said to a little girl in the family: "Do you like the baby?" The little girl said she did but would have preferred a lady baby. "Well," the visitor continued "maybe you can exchange this one." "No," said the little girl, "because we have been using it for seven or eight days."—Chicago Chronicle.

Unforeseen Results.

Dolly—I believe Judy Gibbs is mesmerist.

Polly—Why?

"I went to sell her a ticket to our picnic, and she sold me one.—Detroit Free Press.